Sometime—Somewhere.

Unanswered yet! the prayers your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart—these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those, falling tears?
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire—sometime—somewhere.

Unanswered yet! though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known;
Though years have passed since then—do not despair,
The Lord will answer you—sometime—somewhere.

Unanswered yet! Nay do not say ungranted—
Perhaps your work is not yet wholly done.
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see—sometime—somewhere.

Unanswered yet! Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence has heard the prayer,
And cries—'it shall be done'—sometime—somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

'The Capital of God's Universe.' Heaven Under the Figure of a City.

A SERMON BY J. D. MCFADEN.

Text.—That 'Great City the Holy Jerusalem.'—Rev. 21 : 10.

John, the beloved disciple, for being faithful to his Master, was banished to the island of Patmos, a fugged and desolate spot in the Icarian Sea. Here, as far as human friends were concerned, he was alone, but when earth shut him out, heaven opened for his reception. In the spirit one Lord's day he had a revelation, part of which he placed on record, and for many ages, he has been a citizen of: 'That great city, the Holy Jerusalem.' This world is our Patmos, having more attractions than John's Icarian island, yet

'To the soul's deepest feeling
Some thoughts will come stealing
Of the rapture above.'

Let us put ourselves in communication with God through the spirit, as we notice some characteristics of heaven under the figure of a city, and God may give us a revelation to help us on the way. notice

ITS EXISTENCE.

There is such a place as heaven. It is not a myth, nor the creation of John's imagination. It has an existence, as much so as the earthly Jerusaelm in Palestine. Christ lived in his Father's house, came to earth, told us about heaven, said he would have a place prepard for his disciple, then returned home to heaven, hence I must believe there is such a place. 'In my Father's house are many mansions if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' Christ also said to his disciples: 'Howbeit when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself: but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall recive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you'. John 16: 13-15. John heard those words, and after Christ went home, the spirit came, and shewed John: 'That great city, the Holy Jerusalem.' Ah, yes, there is such a place as heaven, and in due time,

'We will all go home to our Father's house,
To our Father's house in the skies
Where the hope of the heart shall know no blight,
And our love no broken ties.'

ITS LOCALITY.

This great city cannot be located by human minds. God has revealed to us the fact, that ther is such a place as heaven, that we know from the word. He has not revealed to us its location, hence of this point we are in ignorance, revealed things belongs to us, but secret things belong to God. After while when we study the geography of eternity and understand its laitude and longitude, we will be able to locate that great city, the capital of God's universe, and the home of the storm-tossed soul, to which we are sailling with sealed orders. The sailor sometimes sails with sealed ordes. He leaves the wharf not knowing the location of the port for which he is bound, but after getting out on the high sea, the seal is broken, the oder is read, and he knows just where to sail. We may not know just where heaven, as a place is located, but when the seal of death is broken, we will be shure to find it. Lazarus, at the rich man's gate, may not have known where Abraham's bosom was, but after he threw off his diseased body, angels carried him safe to paradise:

'Where the wicked from their troubling cease
And the weary are at rest.'

ITS NEARNESS TO EARTH.

While men may not be able to point to the location of heaven, it cannot be very far away. When a boy in Sunday school, I used to join in singing the hymn: 'There is a happy land far far away.' I think I would change that line now, and sing 'There is a happy land NOT far away,' for I do not love to think of heaven as being at a great distance from us. Can we not truly sing, with the spirit and the understanding:

'O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.'

There are reasons why heaven seems near to me. Death entered my Father's house when I was a boy, and loving blue-eyed sister followed him. After that sad event, heaven did not seem strange. When I grew to manhood, some of my nearest and dearest freinds were called home, and after each departure, heaven seemed nearer. Only a few short months ago, my father died, now heaven seems nearer, and Christ is dearer than ever efore. Oh no, the home of our parents, and children, and friends are not far away.

HEAVEN AND EARTH CONNECTED.

This is clear from the fact that there is also another connection binding heaven and earth,—Christ. The first night Jacob spent from home, after that sad deception, he had a wonderful vision, for man's extremity is often God's opportunity. He saw the heaven open: 'and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels ascended and descended on it.' Gen. 28 : 10. At the top of the ladder was God, at the foot Jacob, and between the two angles came and went; Heaven and earth were united. This figure points to Christ, the divine ladder, who with his divine side, and the rounds of faith and love and obedience, opened up the way between humanity and God, and thus connected heaven and earth, and being united through Christ, they can not be far apart.

SCRIPTURAL INCIDENTS PROVE IT.

On one occasion, Daniel the beloved, was praying, and God heard that prayer and sent the answer before Daniel reached the Amen. He says: 'Yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation.' Dan. 9: 21. When Christ came 'up straightway out of the water,' after being baptized by John and he was anointed with the Holy Ghost, the voice of God was heard, recognizing his only Son: 'And lo a voice from heaven, saying: This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' Matt. 3: 17. When Deacon Stephen was being put to death he saw heaven and Christ. 'He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.' Acts 7 : 55. If heaven can be seen and heard, and its messages so quickly received, I do not think it can be very far away. Do you?

WORDS OF DYING ONES.

The testimony of the dying prove the nearness of heaven to earth, souls standing on the line between time and eternity, seem to have quickened faculties and see into the beyond. Thus Jacob of old, when dying, had his boys gather around him, and talked of the future, as though it lay open at his feet. Men in this age have seen heaven in a dying hour. Alfred Cookman exclaimed: 'I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.' Mrs. Fletcher said: 'I am drawing near to glory.' A young friend said to me: I have come to the stream, and I see Jesus on the other side waiting for me.' Miss McPerson, the adopted daughter of a Methodist Protestant minister said: 'The crossing must be near, for I hear the rush of the endless stream, the celestial odors touch my senses, and a strange sweet music out of a purer world is in all the air; with me it is the dawn of a new day, the immortal, and I long to breathe its air, and gather its fruits, to see Jesus as he is.' Heaven can not be far away when every hour is made fragrant with such testimony.

The eyes that shut in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the fare well is hushed in this.
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we valued most.'

ONLY A DOOR BETWEEN.

I was walking through Patterson Park, Baltimore City. The day was one of those cold raw days of fall; the path was just damp enough to make walking disagreeable; the air seemed thick and heavy, the sky dark and angry with clouds. I came to a building, turned the knob of the door and entered. What a wonderful change; the pavement was solid, the air was fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and sweet with the songs of singing birds, and refreshing with water leaping and sparkling from a beautiful fountain. There is but a door between heaven and earth. On this side the path is slippery, on the other side are streets of gold; on this side dark clouds of trouble gather, on the other side are eternal rays of sunshine; on this side the damp of sin causes mould on the soul, on the other side they are without fault before the throne. On this side there is crying, and sighing, and dying, on the other side there is never a tear, not even a sigh, no fear to harrass, nor care to oppress. Only a door between heaven and earth, and death is only the turning of a knob, and passing from one side to the other.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Dr. Holland, in an old number of Scribner's Magazine, has sweetly expressed his thought;

'There was a land that lay beyond my sight
For which I vainly searched the great earth through,
Thither, right often, my companions flew
At day break, or at noon tide or at night,
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew.
No nearer where that mighty retinue
Had fled into the stately fields of light,
But once, when evening her dusky sails had spread.
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
My spirit, and in it I rising said.
'Now is the country mine, long sought before,'
And one I heard lament that I was dead:
And lo! the land stretched just before my door.'

ITS GREAT SIZE.

That Holy Jerusalem is great in size. It is greater in size than any other city. London is probably the largest of all earthly cities. It covers seven hundred square miles. It has a birth every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes, but London with its hundreds of miles and millions of inhabitants would hardly make a corner lot in the city of which you and I are heirs. John tells us Jersalem is 12,000 furlongs long, 12,000 furlongs wide, and 12,000 furlongs high. A furlong is one eight of a mile; 8 into 12,000 goes 1,500 times. The city, according to John's figures, is 1500 miles long, 1500 miles wide, and 1500 miles high. The city would reach from Florida to Maine, from the Atlantic to Dakotah, and as high as it is long and wide. It is a cube 1500 miles in every direction. 'And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.' Rev. 20 : 16.

ITS PURE INHABITANTS.

The citizens of this city are pure; they are in the presence of God and can not be impure. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Matt 5 : 8. Earthly cities are filled with impure characters; sin is manifested in every form. Sodom and the cities of the plains were rained on with fire and brimstone because of sin' and judging from certain manifestation a little fire and brimstone would not hurt Philadelphia. The word of God through his servants of old, is aplicable now as when first uttered:

'Make a claim for the land is full of blood